

THE
ROYALL
SLAVE.

A
Tragi-Comedy.

Presented to the King and Queene
by the Students of *Christ-Church*
in Oxford. *August 30. 1636.*

Presented since to both their Ma-
jesties at *Hampton-Court* by the
Kings Servants.

by
William Cartwright

The second Edition.



OXFORD,

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THOMAS ROBINSON. 1640.

THE
ROYAL

SLAVE
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OFFICE OF THE
THOMAS ROBINSON FORD
TO WILLIAM L. FORD



THE PROLOGVE
TO
THE KING
AND
QVEENE.

*The first Appearance }
a Temple of the Sun. }*

*One of the Persian Magi discover'd in a
Temple worshipping the Sunne, at the
sight of a new Majesty leaves the Altar,
and addresseth himselfe to the Throne.*

FROM my Devotions yonder am I come,
Drawne by a neerer and more glorious Sunne.
Haile & ye sacred Lights, who doe inspire
More than yond holy and eternall Fire.

A forreine Court lands here upon your Shore,
By shewing its owne worth to shew yours more:
Set here as Saphires are by your Queen's veines,
Not to boast Colour, but confesse their staynes.
No matter now for Art, you make all fit;
Your Presence being still beyond all wit.

Whiles by such majesty our Scene is drest,
You come both th' Entertainer, and the Guest.

THE PROLOGVE
TO THE
VNIVERSITY.

A Priest discover'd as before.

After our Rites done to the King, we doe
Thinke some Devotions to be paid to you.
But I could wish some Question hung up there,
That we by Genuine sounds might take your care.
Or that our Scene in Bodley's Building lay,
And th' Metaphysickes were cast into, a Play.
To please your Palates I could wish there were
A new Professour, Poet of the Chayre.

But as where th' Earth cannot ascend, we know
The Sun comes downe and cheeres her here below =
So we (the Stage being ayr'd now, and the Court
Not smelt) hope you'll descend unto our sport;
And thinke it no great trespassse, if we doe
Sinne o're our Trifle once againe to you.

'Tis not the same as then, that glorious Prease
Did passe both for the matter, and the dresse.
For where such Majesty was scene, we may
Say, the Spectators only made the Play.

Expect no new thing yet, 'tis without doubt
The former Face, only the Eyes put out.
But you adde new ones to it, being sent

BUT

As

As for our grace, so for our supplement.

*We hope here's none inspir'd from late damn'd bookes,
Will sowre it into Tragedy with their lookes;
The little Ruffe, or Carelesse, without feare
May this securely see, securely beare.
There's no man shot at here, no Person's hit,
All being as free from danger, as from wit.
And such should still the first adventures be
Of him, who's but a Spy in Poetrie.*

*No Envy then or Faction feare we, where
All like your selves is innocent and cleare.
The Stage being private then, as none must sit,
And, like a Trap, lay wayte for sixpence wit;
So none must cry up Booty, or cry downe;
Such Mercenary Guise fit not the Gowne.*

*No Traffique Then: Applause, or Hissse elsewhere
May passe as ware, 'tis only Iudgement here.*



The Prologue to their Majesties at Hampton-Court.

Most mighty KING,
and

Most gracious QUEENE:

THe rites and Worship are both old, but you
Have pleas'd to make both Priest and People new,
The same Sun in yon Temple doth appeare;
But th' are your Rayes, which give him lustre here.
That Fire hath watch'd e're since; but it hath been
Onely Your gentler breath that kept it in.
Things of this nature scarce survive that night
That gives them Birth; they perish in the sight;
Cast by so far from after-life, that there
Is scarce ought can be said, but that they were.
Some influence yet may crosse this fate; what You
Please to awaken must still come forth new.
And though the untouch'd Virgin Flow'r doth bring
The true and native Dowrys of the Spring;
Yet some desires there are perhaps, which doe
Affect that Flower cha'd and sully'd too:
For in some bosomes sticke, it comes from thence
Double-perfum'd, and deeper strikes the Sense.
And we are bid plead this: fore-seeing how
That which was fresh ere while may languish now.
Things twice seene loose; but when a King or Queene
Commands a second sight, they're then first seene.

The Persons of the Play.

Speakers

Arfames, King of Persia.

Praxaspes,

Masistes,

Hydarnes,

Orontes,

Molops, A Gaoler;

Cratander, the Royall Slave.

Philotas,

Stratocles,

Leocrates,

Archippus,

Phocion,

Hippias,

3. Magi, or Persian Priests,

Atossa, Queene to Arfames.

Mandane,

Ariene,

Servants,

His Lords.

4. other Ephesian Captives.

2. Cityzens of Ephesus disguis'd.

Her Ladyes.

Mutes.

Masquers, 6. Ladyes.

Musitians.

2. Strumpets.

The Habits Persian. | The Scene Sardis.

The Persons of the Play.

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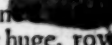
ACT. I. SC. I.

The second Ap-
pearance, a City
in the front, &
a Prison on the
side.

*Philotas, Stratocles, Leocrates, Ar-
chippus singing in the Prison, Mo-
lops harkning without,*

Mol.  These wicked Ephesian Captives, are most
everlasting Tipplers; I charm'd my fleas
with 'em last night, and left them too I'm
sure well to live, and yet they're at it againe
this morning.

Slaves within. Hem!them!them! A pox on our Gaoler.&c.

Mol. So I now they're tuning their Pipes. O the Religion
of these Greekes! they sing and drinke downe the Sunne,
and then  and drinke him up againe. Some drunken
Hymns  at you towards now, in the prayse of their
great huge, rowling, Tunbellyed god *Bacchus* as they call
him, Let's hearken a little.

The Slaves song within.

<i>A pox on our Gaoler, and on his fat Fowle;</i>	{ <i>Mol.</i> That's that's I.
<i>Ther's liberty lyes in the bottome o'th Bowle.</i>	
<i>A figge for what ever the Raskall can doe,</i>	{ <i>I</i> againe: <i>Good good.</i>
<i>Our Dungeon is deepe, but our Cup's so too.</i>	
<i>Then drinke wee a round in despiight of our Foes,</i>	
<i>And make our hard Irons cry clinke in the Clofe.</i>	

Mol. Wondrous good I faith! These fetter'd Swannes
chant it most melodiously before their deaths. Sure there is
a great deale of pleasure in being hang'd; for I have observ'd
it e're since I was a little one, that they alwayes sing before
they goe to't. But here's that will spoyle your voices my
Friends.

Phil. Who's there?

Mol. Your friend at a dead lift; your Landlord *Molops.*

B

Philotas

The Royall Slave.

Phil. Now grand Commissioner of fate ; what wouldst thou have Heyre apparent to *Pluto* ?

He opens the doore, and the Slaves enter.

Mol. Come forth; & if you can endure to reade, *shews 'em* here's a Persian line in my hand will instruct you. *La halter.*

Stra. Guardian of Ragges & Vermin, Protector of halfe-breeches and no shirts, what's thy Raskalship's pleasure ?

Mol. Good words Sir, good words : I am your Destiny, do you not see your Thread of Life here ?

Leoc. Yes, yes, 'tis of thy wives owne twisting, good *Mol.* I know the Promotion of your Family came from the Web errantry of highway-Inkle, to the *trique* turning and winding of home-bred Hempe, and thence gets a three-halfe-penny Legacy at the departure of every wrong'd Sinner.

Archip. And as for thy selfe, had not that weighty bulke of thine crack'd so many Gibbets, that the King began to feare his Forrests, thou had'st never been pr *whistle* plagues as thou usher'st us to the Barre, and take away the Judges stomackes as often as they come to eate upon Life & Death, and celebrate the Funerals of distressed Gentlemen.

Mol. You dying men may be impudent by your places, but I'd wish you to compose your countenances and your manners both, for the King is comming to visit you.

Phil. What mak'st thou here then ? though I easily beleeve thou hast an ambition to be seene in good company, yet prethee be gon, and don't discredit us. The King love's no Garbidge-rubbies.

Mol. The King shall be inform'd of the fowle words you give his Officers.

Stra. Why what can he doe ? he won't let us goe and conquer us againe, will he ?

Leoc. But good honest Landlord, what's the Kings intent to honour us with his Royall visit ?

Archip. To assigne us perhaps some three or foure hundred stripes aday a peece, to take downe my Landlord's body, and make him in case to suffer what he hath been long adjudg'd to.

Mol.

The Royall Slave.

Mol. No, Saucines, 'tis to make one of you King.

Arch. Then, Saucines, know your Masters.

Mol. Be not mistaken: 'tis not any way to honour you, but to make himselfe sport. For you must know, that 'tis the custome of the Persian Kings after a Conquest, to take one of the Captives, and adorne him with all the Robes of Majesty, giving him all Priviledges for three full dayes, that he may doe what he will, and then be certainly led to death.

Phil. Will he allow so long? I'd give my life at any time for one dayes Royalty; 'tis space enough to new mould a Kingdome. His majesty useth us wondrous reasonably; I'd as life deale with him as any man I know. But who's to have our cloaths, Sirrah, when we have done?

Mol. 'Tis a small fee that the State hath entayl'd upon my Place an't please you.

Phil. By my troth I guess'd so: I was wondring how their Courtiers could goe so brave with so little meanes.

Stra. Well, what must be, must be. I was affraid I should have dy'd a silly foolish old *Animal*, call'd Virgin. But now, have at one of the Ladies e're I goe: I have a strong desire to leave some Posterity behind mee. I would not have the house of the *Stratocles* decay for want of Issue.

Leoc. If I have the fortune of't, I'll Revell it all night; Kings, they say ought not to sleep for the good of the people.

Arch. Sirrah Gaoler, see you send Mistris Turne-key your wife to take us up whores enough: and be sure shee let none of the young Students of the Law fore-stall the Market.

Mol. Peace, the King approaches: stand in your ranks orderly, and shew your breeding; and be sure you blow nothing on the Lords.

Act. 1. Sc. 2.

To them

*Arsamnes, Praxaspes, Hydarnes, Masistes,
Orontes, Priests; after a while Cratander,*

Arsam. **A**Re these the fairest, and the handsomest
'mong all the Captives?

The Royall Slave.

Mol. There is one more which I set apart ; a good personable fellow; but he's wondrous heavy and bookish, and therefore I thought him unfit for any honour.

Arfam. Goe call him forth; ther's none of all these has A Forehead for a Crowne; their blood runnes thicke, As if 'twould blot a sword. *Enter Mol. with Cratander.*

See, there comes one
Arm'd with a serious and Majestique looke,
As if hee'd read Philosophy to a King:
We've conquer'd something now. What readst thou there?

Mol. I beleeeve hee's conning a Hymne against the good-Time.

Crat. 'Tis a discourse o'th' Nature of the Soule;
That shewes the vitious Slaves, but the well inclin'd
Free, and their owne though conquer'd.

Arfam. Thou dost speake
As if thou wert victorious, not *Arsamnes*.

Crat. I not deny your Conquest, for you may
Have vertues to entitle't yours; but otherwise,
If one of strange and ill contriv'd desires,
One of a narrow or intemperate minde
Prove Master of the field, I cannot say
That he hath conquer'd, but that he hath had
A good hand of it; he hath got the day,
But not subdued the men: Victory being
Not fortunes gift, but the deservings Purchase.

Arfam. Whom dost thou call deserving?

Crat. Him, who dares
Dy next his heart in cold blood; him, who fights
Not out of thirst, or the unbridled lust
Of a flesh't sword, but out of Conscience
To kill the Enemy, not the man. Who when
The Lawrell's planted on his brow, ev'n then
Under that safe protecting Wreath, will not
Contemne the Thunderer, but will
Acknowledge all his strength deriv'd, and in
A pious way of gratitude returne
Some of the spoyle to Heav'n in Sacrifice;

The Royall Slave.

As Tenants doe the first fruits of their Trees,
In an acknowledgment that the rest is due.

Arfam. True. Tell me, wert thou then to pay thy vowe,
What wouldst thou sacrifice? the best, or worst?

Crat. The best, unto the Best. If I had destin'd
An Oxe unto the Altar, he should be
Faire, and well fed; for th' Deity doth not love
The maymed, or mishapen, 'cause it is
A thing so different from himselfe, deformity
Being one of Natures trespasses: he should
Be crown'd then, and conducted solemnly,
That my Religion might be specious,
'Twere stealth else, not Devotion.

Arfam. Bravely sayd.

But (t's pitty) thou hast reasoned all this while
Against thy selfe, for our Religion doth
Require the Immolation of one Captive;
And thou hast prov'd, that he is best bestow'd
That best deserveth to be spar'd.

Crat. I could

Tell you, the Gods have neither appetite,
Nor entralls; that they doe not hunger after
Your Cookery of sacrifice; and that
A graine of incense, or a peece of Gumme,
If offer'd with Devotion, may redeeme
A destin'd Hecatombe: But this would be
To deprecate my fate; which by your Sun,
Your Sun that doth require me, I expect
With the same minde, as I would doe my Nuptials.

Arfam. And so't shall come, thy shape and vertues doe
Enrich and furnish thee for Heav'n. I would
Or thou hadst fled, or I not conquered.
Adorne him with the Robes. But thou must swear
First to be faithfull to the State.

Crat. I swear.

¶ He kisseth the Scepter.

The Priest's song whiles he puts
on the Robes.

Come from the Dungeon to the Throne.

The Royall Slave.

To be a King, and streight be none.
Reigne then a while, that thou may'st be
Faster to fall by Majesty.

Cho: So beasts for sacrifice we feed;
First they are crown'd, and then they bleed.
Wash with thy Bloud what wars have done
Offensive to our God the Sun:
That as thou fallest we may see
Him pleas'd, and set as red as thee.
Enjoy the Glories then of state,
Whiles pleasures ripen thee for fate.

Cho: So Beasts: &c.

Arfam. Now then, Cratander, I doe here indulge thee
All the Prerogatives of Majesty
For three full dayes; which being expir'd, that then
Thou may'st fall honourably, I intend
To strike the blow my selfe. & Ex. Arfam.

Crat. I neither take
New courage from the Power, nor suffer new
Feares from the Death that waytes it: both are things
That have two eares, by which they may be taken;
So that they are indifferent in themselves;
And only good or bad as they are order'd.
Off with their shakells Sirrah: you my Lordes
Take order they be well attir'd,
That they may come to Court, and doe us service.
'Tis next of all our Royall pleasure, that
Battle be re-inforc'd by the next Sun,
To make our Conquest perfect: all's not safe,
Till the Snake leave to threaten with his tayle.
Our Reigne is short, and businesse much, be speedy.
Our Counsels & our deeds must have one birth. & Ex. Crat.

Mol. If you'll make use of any Ornaments, I've a couple
of Jack-chaynes at your service. Come Gentlemen, please
you to follow, I'll give you ease of your Irons suddenly.

Phil. Sirrah be quicke, that my foot may be at liberty to
kicke thee. & Ex. Mol. and Slaves.

Prax. Whether tends the minde of this ambitious wretch?
H'hath

The Royall Slave.

H'hath thoughts so hasty, and so large, as if
Hee'd over-runne the whole world in a breath.

Hyd. I like the courage of the man : methinkes
H'hath given a tast, how worthy he is of
A longer Kingdome.

Masf. You'l obey him then ?

Hyd. I don't obey
Him, but the King ; as they that pay their vovves
Unto the Deity, shrowded in the Image.

Masf. True, 'tis the King's will he should be obey'd,
But hee's a Slave ; the man lookes personable,
And fit for Action, but he is a Slave ;
He may be noble, vertuous, generous, all,
But he is still a Slave.

Oron. As if the sullyng
Must turne all purer mettle into drosse ;
Or that a Jewell might not sometimes be
In the possession of a private man.

Masf. What ? you too for the rising Sun, my Lord,
Though't be but a Meteor cast from the true one ?
If that the conquer'd Hart must lead the Lyon,
I'll teach my wishes to runne thwart unto
That large successe you looke for.

Prax. Be my feares
No Omen to the Kingdome, o yee Gods,
But I suspect, this Comicke folly will
Sport our free Monarchy into a Nation
Of cheated Slaves. But peace ; the Queene.

Oron. Wee two
Will goe, and see his carriage.

Prax. Doe my Lords ;
And 'cause you wish his State so well, pray see
The Slaves provided of their cloathies. *Ex. Oron. Hyd.*

The Royall Slave

Act. 1. See. 3.

To them

Alossa, Mandane, Ariens.

Aios. Y^e Have scene
This Three-dayes King my Lords? I cannot sport
At th' Miseries of men: methinkes I feele
A touch of pity, as often as I view him.
How doe you thinke hee'll beare his State?

Mas. As Schoole-boyes
In time of Misrule, looke big a while, and then
Returne dejected to the Rod.

Mand. I wonder
No woman's chosen Queene for company.
These Male wits are but grosse and sluggish; sayth
You'd see a delicate Comedy, if that
A she wit might but Impe his Reigne.

Prax. O Madam!
Your Sexe is too imperious to Rule;
You are too busy, and too stirring, to
Be put in Action; your Curiosity
Would doe as much harme in a Kingdome, as
A Monkey in a Glasse-shop; move and remove,
Till you had broken all.

Arie. Things then it seemes
Are very brittle, that you dare not trust us.

Prax. Your Closet and your Senate would be one;
You'd Gossip at the Councell-table, where
The grand contrivance of some finer Posset
Would be a State affaire.

Mand. I never knew
But this one difference yet twixt us and you:
Your follies are more serious, your vanities
Stronger, and thicker woven; and your Councils
About the razing of a Fort or City,
Contriv'd as ours about a messe of spoon-meat;
So that you laugh, and are laugh'd at againe.

Aios.

The Royall Slave.

Atof. I hope you doe but exercise, your wits
Are not at sharpes?

Mand. Wee'le venture how he will,
Foyles, or bare poyns we care not.

Atof. Cease the strife.
How's this *Cratander* qualify'd, my Lords?
What vertues has he?

Mas. No great store of vertues;
Hee's a tough fellow, one that seemes to stand
Much on a resolute carelesnesse, and hath
A spice of that unnecessary thing
Which the mysterious call Philosophy.
Here comes a couple can informe you better:
They have observ'd the thing.

Act. i. Sc. 4.

To them

Hydarnes, Orontes.

Atof. **M**Y Lords, what thinke you
Of this new King? what doth he do? what is he?

Hyd. Hee's one that knowes, and dares preserve his own
Honour, and others too; a man as free
From wronging any, as himselfe; he beares
A Kingdome in his looke; a kingdome that
Consists of Beauty, seasoned with Discretion.
His Graces are virile, and comely too:
Grave, and severe delights so tempering
The softnesse of his other pleasures, that
A settled full content doth thence arise,
And wholly take up the beholders thoughts.

Arie. Why then hee'le turne the Scene; we did expect
Something that would have saved us the labour
Of reading Play-bookes, and Love-stories.

Oron. See,
How your'e mistaken Madam: he doth carry
All things with such a State, and yet so free
From an insulting Pride, that you'd conceive

The Royall Slave.

Judgement and power put into the Scales,
And neither overpoysing, whiles he shewes
Rather that he can rule, then that he will.

Maf. Th'afflicted ne're want prayses. O how false
Doth th'Eye of pity see ! the only way
To make the Foule seeme gracious, is to be
Within the ken of death ; he that e're while
Would have beene thought a Monster, being now
Condemn'd to die, is thought an Hero.

Mand. Truly,

I thinke you have not yet beene neare your death.

Maf. I've beene but seldome with your Ladyship.

Atos. Away, let's goe and view againe : he promiseth
Something that is not sport : If he doe well,
And keepe his vertues up untill his fall,
I'll pay a good wish to him as hee's going,
And a faire mention of him when he's gone.

{ *Ex. Atos. Mand. Aric.*

Act. 1. Sc. 5.

To them

Arfammes.

Arfam. **H**OW doth our new King beare his Royalty ?

Prax. If he goe still on thus, his three daies folly
Will fill your Annalls.

Maf. He is growne che t talke
And sight of all the Court : h'hath eyes chayn'd to him,
And some say hearts ; nor are they meane ones, such
As he may steale without being mis'd ; but those
The theft of whom turnes sacriledge.

Arfam. I hope

Atos is not in the Rowle ; he dares not
Be favour'd by my Queene.

Hyd. Her pure Affections
Are sacred as her person, and her thoughts
Soaring above the reach of common Eyes,
Are like those better Spirits, that have nothing

The Royall Slave.

Of Earth admixt, but yet looke downe upon
Those numbers of Inhabitants, and where
They see a worthy minde oppress'd, vouchsafe
At least to helpe with pittie.

Arfam. Doth she then
Seeme to compassionate his fortune? wee
Must watch his Actions narrowly.

Prax. He may
Grow insolent else past remedy : but yet
Your majesty hath a preventing eye.
He may, when that his Channel's full, discharge
His streames on all that's round him, rushing forth
With a strong headlong Torrent, as mischeevous
As uncontrollable, th'ungratefull waters
Choaking ev'n that which gave'em life ; but yet
You can kill evils by first seeing them.

Oron. All this hath taken up but one Eare only ;
The other, and the softer is reserv'd.
Religion, and your word (which, equally
As that, is binding) are both past for three dayes:
To cut him off before, were to abridge
Your Triumph, and Devotion.

Arfam. He must live
And Reigne his time prescrib'd ; but he must not
Performe the Actions he intends. Let then
All the delights and pleasures, that a Slave
Admires in Kings be offer'd. Though an hundred
Still watchfull eyes beset his head, yet there
Is one way left ; Musicke may subtly creepe,
And rocke his senses so, that all may sleepe. *{ Exeunt.*

Finis Act. 1.



Act. 2. Sce. 1.

3^d Appearance a }
Stately Palace. }

Crasander.

Cra **P**Erish their Tables, and themselves : a Throne
 May stand without those tumults of delights,
 That wayte on big and pompous Luxury.
 I'll crosse their expectation, and quite banish
 All that their weaker mindes do thinke delight.
 Kings pleasures are more subtle, then to be
 Seen by the vulgar ; they are Men, but such
 As ne're had any dregges, or if they had,
 Drop'd 'em as they were drawing up from out
 The groveling Prease of Mortalls. To offend
 Beyond the reach of Law without controule,
 Is not the Nature, but the vice of Pow'r ;
 And he is only great, that dares be good.

Act. 2. Sce. 2.

To him

Praxaspes, Masistes.

Prax. **H**E weares a serious looke still ; we may hope
 As soon to calme a tempest with a song,
 As soften him.

Mas. Beasts and hard Rockes have both
 Been mov'd, and by his Country-man. Let's try.
 That we may some way, Sir, expresse our service
 Unto you, with intent you may not feele
 Bare honour only without delights,
 We have provided you a taste of our
 Best Persian Musicke.

Cras. That's an innocent pleasure ;
 Sphears make it, and Gods heare it.

Prax. Boy come in.

Act. 3.

The Royall Slave.

ACT. 2. SC. 3.

To them

Two women and a boy, as he is preparing to sing, *Atossa*,
Mandane, and *Ariene* appeare above.

Prax. **Y**Our last new Song, that which I gave you *Sirrah*.
Atos. See yonder where he sits; let's stand & see,
How hee'll behave himselfe; the Lords have vow'd
To try him to the utmost.

Mand. I begin
To feare that he is mortall.

Prax. Come begin

Boy singes.

1

Come my sweet, whiles every strayne
Calls our Soules into the Eare;
Where the greedy listning fayne
Would turne into the sound they heare;
Lest in desire
To fill the Quire
Themselves they tie
To Harmony,
Let's kisse and call them backe againe.

2

Now let's orderly conveigh
Our Soules into each other's Brest,
Where interchanged let them stay
Slumbring in a melting rest.
Then with new fire
Let them retire,
And still present
Sweet fresh content
Youthfull as the early day.

3

Then let us a Tumult make,
Shuffling so our soules, that we
Carelesse who did give or take,

C 3

May

The Royall Slave.

*May not know in whom they be,
Then let each smother,
And stifle the other,
Till wee expire
In gentle fire
Scorning the forgetfull Lake,*

Crat. I did expect some solemne Hymne of the
Great world's beginning, or some brave Captaines
Deserving deeds extoll'd in lofty numbers.
These softer subjects grate our cares: But what
Are these my Lords? these Minstrells?

Mas. Consequences,
Which we out of that duty which we owe you
Thought a fit present, that you might not want
Any delight that Persia yeelds.

Crat. I have
No humane thought about me now, forbear.

Prax. You are no Statue Sir? or if you were,
These yet methinkes might melt you.

Crat. If you will
Needes put your selves to th' trouble of Procurers,
Bring me a Kingdome in one face, or shew me
A People in one body; then you might
Happily worke on mine Affections.
There I durst powre my selfe in Embracements,
Loosing my selfe in a Labyrinth of joy.
As 'tis, you only make me colder, by
Surrounding me with these your hostile flames.

Mas. I hope you doe conceive it our Affection,
And duty to your Scepter.

Crat. Let me askeyou.
Was't not enough you try'd me with those baytes
Of wines, and meates, cull'd from the spoyle of Nature,
But you must bring vice in another fashion?

Prax. Will you then let your dayes passe sluggishly,
And reape no pleasure from your Pow'r?

Crat. 'Tis one

The Royall Slave.

To punish such offenders as your selves,
That will abase your honour to so vile
And abject an employment. If you offer
The like againe, you shall perceive, that Kings,
How short so e're their Reignes be, have long hands.
This Act, what e're you stile it, is flat Treason.
Our Honour is abus'd in't. O the foreheads } *Prax. and Mas.*
Of women once growne impudent! that these } *beale out, and*
Can stand so long, and heare their infamy } *leave the two*
Debat ed quietly, expecting when } *women with*
They shall be call'd to their reproach! what fled? } *him.*
And left the Prey behind to tempt me? Ho!
Who waytes without? Conveigh these wicked creatures
Unto the Gaolour *Molops*: give him charge
To use them as he would doe Enemies.
My Countrey would twice suffer, should I yeeld
Unto their vices too. But Greece is not
Only preserv'd in me: had they perhaps
Carry'd these Creatures to the wilder knot,
Headlong *Archippus*, or bold *Stratocles*,
Easie *Leocrates*, or prone *Philotas*,
Their Present might have hit. But hearke, they come:
I'll step aside, and watch their actions. *Exit.*
Atof. What doe you thinke *Mandane*? is he mortall?

Act. 2. Sce. 4.

Philotas, Stratocles, Leocrates, Archippus,
in rich Persian Habits.

Str. **H**OW far do we out-shine the Persian Court?
See what good cloaths can do. I think there are not
Foure properer Gentlemen walke the streets.

Phil. The Ladyes certainly must love us now.

Leoc. But are you sure they'll passe this way?

Arch. Yes, yes.

Let's to our stations, and be ready to
Accost 'em at the first approach.

Atof. *Mandane,*

Doe

The Royall Slave.

Doe you and *Ariens* step downe to'em,
And try their Courtship.

Mand. All I thinke be safe.

Arie. *Cratander* is hard by; ne're fear; let's down. *They descend*

Str. I wonder none passe by yet : sure they'l send
Tickets unto us, to invite us to
Their Lodgings the back-way.

Arch. Ne're doubt it Man,
They'le come themselves; for prooffe behold. *Em. Mand. Arie.*

Leoc. Halfe booty ;
Equall division Gentlemen.

Phil. }
Str. } Agreed, agreed.

Arch. }

Phil. Nay, start not Ladies, we are men.

Arie. 'Tis well

You tell us so before hand, we might else
Thinke you disguised Satyres, come on purpose
To put the Nymphes to flight.

Leoc. We are not hairy ;
We have no Tayles, I'm sure.

Arie. Truly if Satyres
And you were in one Market-towne, I thinke
You might see one another for nothing.

Str. Doe you
Take us for Monsters then ?

Mand. Pray heav'n we don't
Discover'em in your Manners.

Arch. We are come
Not to disturbe, but heighten your delights.

Mand. Can you shew any trickes then ?

Arch. Love-trickes Lady.

Arie. Can you run through a Hoope ? or fetch up mony
With your eye-kids backward ?

Mand. Can you peirce your Tongue.
Or cut your Throat, and yet live after it ?

Str. Do y'thinke us Tumblers then, or Jugglers ?

Mand. Both;

And

The Royall Slave.

And truly these would please us farre above
Your Love-trickes.

Leoc. Shall I draw some Ribbon then
Out of my Throat? Shall I caſt a Lock upon
Your pretty cheekes, or ſeale your lovely lippes
Up?

Arie. What will content you when you have donet

Leoc. A kiſſe.

Mand. We doe not uſe to grant ſuch favours gratis.

Leoc. What will you take to give one then?

Mand. A Muſſier.

Phil. I perceive you are well ſkill'd
In the whole courſe of Love, you but keepe off
To make delights more ſweet.

Arie. You would doe well
To doe ſo too.

Phil. Why Madam? doe not feare me:
I ſnore not in my ſleepe; this Noſe of mine
Will not proclaime.

Mand. 'Tis ſomething Trumpet-like;
I would not truſt my ſelfe with ſuch an Inſtrument.
Methinkes 'tis ſomewhat guilty.

Phil. How I love.
This pretty, pettiſh, froward, wanton anger?
Give me a Pleaſure that I ſtruggle for.
That Favour's genuinely ſweet, that's wretched.

Str. Feare him not Madam; I'll be your defence;
My ſoule is link'd and chayn'd unto your Tongue.

Arie. You ſpeake in a fit dialect; you reliſh
O'th' Language of the place whence you came lately.
But to be ſerious now a while, pray ſpeake,
What doe you ſee in us fit for deſire?
You cannot love us poſſibly.

Str. By this kiſſe.

Arie. Stand off.

Arch. And this.

Mand. Your Oath's not good in Law.
Tell us, what wrong hath either of us done you,

The Royall Slave.

That you should seeke thus to revenge your selves ?

Phil. You are too scornfull, we too easie ; come
Let's hurrie 'em to some place of secrecie,
Where all their scoffing shan't prevaile : you two
Quickly seize her.

Arie.

Mand. { Helpe, helpe.

Act. 2. Sc. 5.

*As they carry out the Ladies,
Cratander meets them.*

Crat. YEE Villanies hold.

What is the matter ? why this violence ?

Leoc. A little Love-sport only ; we were arguing
Pro, and *Con* out of *Plato*, and are now
Going to practise his Philosophy.

Arie. What they stile Love-sport only, and misname
An arguing out of *Plato*, would have prov'd
A true and downe right Rape, if that your presence
Had not become our Rescue.

Crat. Wicked Villaines,
That in your miseries can't forget your vices,
Acting those crimes to day, which e're the Sun
Thrice set, will elsewhere be your Torture. Cannot
The chayne and hunger kill those seedes of evill,
But even in the midst of your misfortunes,
Your sports must be the robbing of faire honour,
And Rapes your Recreations ? which, an't please
The Gods, you call Philosophy. Leave the place ;
Infection's busie where you breath ; the next
Attempt installis you in the Dungeon.

{ *Ex. foure Slaves.*

Mand. Most worthy Sir, your Noblenesse hath showne
A minded beyond your fortune : though it be not
Reall as we could wish it, yet beleeve it
You hold a perfect Royalty in the hearts
Of those, whose honours you have now preserv'd.

Crat.

The Royall Slave.

Crat. I owe this duty to your vertues Madam.

{ Ex. Mand. Aris.

These Slaves must be repress'd ; the giddy People

Are ready to transpose all crimes upon

Him that should moderate them ; so perhaps

Their faults might be accounted mine. Besides

Snares are laid close in every path for me ;

And if a King but stumble, 'tis a Precipice :

When all eyes see't, a blemish is a Monster.

Pure vertue then, and thou faire honour, give me

Leave to cōtemplate on your Beauties; let *{ As he is musing, Aris.*

The strength of my Imagination dwell *{ from above throws*

Upon the sight of your Divinities. *{ him a goldchayne.*

What ? more temptations yet ? ha ? whence ? from whom ?

The heav'ns I hope don't drop downe follies too :

No arme out of the cloudes ! a chayne ? why this

Is but an exprobration of my late

Distressed fortune. 'Tis rich yet, and Royall ;

It cannot be the wealth of any, but the Throne.

Fall out what will, I'll weare it, 'till I know

From whence it came ; and if it prove a Mettle

That some foule drossy minde could not endure

Should longer dwell with it, I then will cast it

With as much scorne and anger from my shoulders,

As now I doe receive't with admiration.

Act. 2. Sce. 6.

To him

Hippias, Phocion.

Hip. **L**ooke, there he walks alone considering ;

Let's to him while we may ; good day *Cratander.*

Crat. Good *Hippias, Phocion* ! you are welcome ; how
Dare you trust your selves in an Enemies Court ?

Pho. We passe disguis'd to see what will become

Of our Affayres ; and being the future state

Of Ephesus depends on you, are come

Only to give you notice of it, for

The Royall Slave.

Wee doe presume you're not to be intréated
To doe us good.

Crat. Alas ! I am not, after
The period of three dayes ; this makes the time
Which even now I thought an age, seeme short
And too contract for my desires.

Pho. When you
Should raise your Country struggling in the dust,
The time is short, and too contract ; 'tis long
Enough to lead an Army out against it,
To crush those Reliques of an halfe-life, that
Her doubtfull body faintly breaths ; you may
With that right hand spin three dayes to the space
Of many Olympiads.

Crat. What is your meaning ?

Pho. Have we endur'd the hate, and felt the fury
Of violent *Arfarnes* so long ? have we
Suffer'd his sword untill it did grow blunt,
And rather broke, then wounded ? have you try'd
The weight and strictnesse of the Persian chayne
So long, and aske us now, what is your meaning ?
Come, come *Cratander*, I could chide you, but
That I beleeeve you only hide the good
That you intend your Countrey, that it may not
Be disappointed ; you may safely tell us
You will betray the Persians into our hands,
That we may gather forces, and prepare
Against their comming.

Crat. Oh ! is this your Errant ?
Here, take your chayne againe, it cannot binde.

Hip. How e're don't exprobrate our Poverty.
Though all our wealth hath beene the Persians spoyle.

Crat. Why you threw't in before you, to make way
Unto your Suit.

Hip. Is it not lawfull to
Salute the Persian Mock-King, thinke y^r, unlesse
We bring a Guift ? I'd thought the name of *Ephesus*
Had priviledg'd our access. Thinke on the honours,

The Royall Slave.

The long continuing honours, that you shall
Receive at home ; thinke on those numerous **teares**
That you shall wipe away from flowing Eyes.
At the first sight of Liberty.

Pho. Your approach
Will entice Cities out of Houses ; th' aged,
And the young too ; the Matron, and the Virgin,
All mingled in a blest confusion,
Will in a solemne full Procession come,
And with that great Religion bring you in,
As if their Captive Gods were brought them backe.
Come then a King home, that went't out a Slave.

Crat. I am so still ; no sooner did I come
Within the Persian Wallles, but I was theirs.
And since, good *Hippias*, this pow'r hath only
Added one linke more to the Chayne. I am
Become *Arsammes* Instrument : I've sworne
Faith to his Scepter and himselfe, and must
Aske his leave, e're I doe betray his Country.

Hip. You're free enough against us. O the justice
Of an unnaturall Sonne ! yet aske your selfe ;
Ought that be ratify'd that's done by force ?

Crat. As if the valiant could be forc'd by any.

Pho. You shall not change your fortune, you shall only
Passe to another Empire ; and for that
Right may be violated.

Crat. Empires are
Desir'd for glory ; be all wickednesse then
Farre absent, for in that there can be none.

Pho. You are resolv'd to reason your selfe then
Into a measur'd unthankefulnesse ? what can
Hinder this good r' your Country, but your selfe ?
Fear'st thou the Thunder, and the Gods ? the anger
O th' Grecian Pow'rs will be upon thee, if
Thou not restor'st them to their seats. On then,
Thou undertak'st their cause, thou fight'st their warre.

Crat. I cannot tell what powers you pretend ;
Tell me of Justice and Fidelity,

The Royall Slave.

These are the Grecian Gods.

Pho. Be then thy name
Blasted to all Posterity, and let
Our wretched Nephewes, when their Soules shall labour
Under the Persian Yoake, curse thee, and say,
This slavery we owe unto *Cratander*.

Crat. Pray stay, I will goe with you, and consider.
How am I streightned ! Life is short unto me :
And th' good man's End ought still to be a businesse.
We must dy doing something, least perhaps
We loose our Deaths ; we must not yet doe ill
That we misplace not Action : If I strike
On this hand, I'm a Parricide ; if on that,
The same brand waytes me too : how doe I tremble,
Like to the doubtfull Needle 'twixt two Loadstones,
At once inclining unto both, and neither !
Here Piety calls me, there my Justice stops me.
It is resolv'd ; Faith shall consult with both ;
And aged Fame after my Death shall tell,
Betwixt two sinnes, *Cratander* did do well. & *Exeunt*
Finis Act. 2.



Act. 3. Sce. I.

Philotas, Stratocles, Archippus, Leocrates, Molops,
in drinking Chaplets, after the Grecian manner.

Phil. **S** Et a watch at the dore, to keepe out sleepe ;
He's mortall that offers to betray so much weaknes
As to winke. Here *Archippus*.

Archip. May not a man winke without mortality,
When he lets it goe downe ? Here *Stratocles*.

Phil. I doe stace winking in that case divine.

Str. Come thou uneven lump, thou heape of sinnes in
prooffe ; we will liquor thy Keyes, open thy Cages, and give
thy

The Royall Slave.

thy meager Tenants a Play day, Raskall. Bring the Jarres nearer. As I hope for fortune, I thinke my soule will passe into a frogge. Now for a hundred Throats; to thee *Molops*.

Mol. You Grecians I thinke have sponges in your mawes; 'tis but setting your hands to your sides, and squeezing your selves and presently you drinke as much as before.

Leoc. Off with thy Cup Landlord, and talke not; wee learn'd it from the Teat, foole.

Mol. Have at thee, *Archippus*.

Arch. I doe not like these healths at randome; let's have a sober methodicall order for a while.

Phil. What? shall we drinke by dice then, & let fortune name the heyre to the Cup?

Str. Or shall we drinke our Mistresses names, and soake it Alphabetically?

Leoc. If wee drinke names, let not the Letters passe for single ones, but as they would in number: I doe pronounce *Alpha* no letter till it begin to multiply.

Mol. I never thought Drinking such a Mystry before; a block-head can't be drunke, I see.

Phil. Right; shallow braines can ne're attaine to't; that makes your fooles, & your old governing Philosophers continue so sober still. The veget Artist, and the vigorous Poët, whose braines are full and forging still, will streight get a pleasant madnesse from that that will but warme those colder Rheumaticke Sages, whose noses alwayes drop like Still-snoures.

Str. The noblest drinking methinkes is the Postures.

Arch. Let's have 'em

Phil. Bring the Pots in play. But where's the wenches, and the Musicke you promis'd us, good *Molops*.

Mol. For wenches, the Towne will not yeeld any at this time; and I durst not venture my single wife amongst you all. For Fidlers, I have provided them, they stand ready without.

Leoc. Call 'em in sweet *Molops*.

Strat. Well, what shall those Raskalls play, whiles wee drinke the Postures?

Phil.

The Royall Slave.

Phil. The battle by all means. *Ent. Mus.*
Ser. Strike up the Battle then. Think you selves all in
 service now, and doe as I doe.
 Take your Bowes Gent: and make a stand
 Right! draw your shafts now, & nock' em.
 Very good I now smooth your feathers.
 Well done I Present, and take ayme.
 Here's to thee *Leocrates.*

*They take their pots
 in their left hands.
 They take their cups
 in their right hands,
 to fill.
 They blow off the
 froth.*

Leoc. Have towards thee *Philotas.*

Phil. To thee *Archippus.*

Arch. Here *Molops.*

Mol. Have at you *Fidlers.*

Str. Now draw your Bowes and let loose all. *{They drinke
 altogether.}*

Mol. The other charge, good fellow *Souldiers.*

Phil. Let's have a Song betweene, & then have at you.

Leoc. *Fidlers,* employ your Throats and sing a while; you
 shall drinke with'em after.

Ser. Sing that which I made in the Prison; 'tis seasonable
 enough.

Song.

1. Now, now, the Sunne is fled
 Downe into *Tethys* bed,
 Ceasing his solemne course awhile.

2. What then?
 'Tis not to sleepe but be
 Merry all night, as we;

Gods can be mad sometimes, as well as men.

Cho: Then laugh wee, and quaffe wee, untill our rich noses
 Grow red, and contest with our *Chaplets* of *Roses.*

1. If he be fled, whence may
 We have a second day,
 That shall not set till wee command?

2. Here see
 A day that does arise
 Like his, but with more eyes,
 And warmes us with a better fire, than hee.

Cho: Then laugh we, &c.

1. 2. Thus then wee chase the night

With

The Royall Slave.

*With these true floods of light,
This Lesbian wine, which with it's sparkling streams,
Darting diviner Graces,
Cast's Glories round our Faces,
And dalls the Tapers with Majestique Beames.*

Cho : Then laugh we, &c.

Str. Well said ! now the other charge to the honour of
Cratander.

Phil. I feele a rumbling in my head, as if the Cyclope
were forging Thunder in my Braines : But no matter, give
it me : our ancient Orpheus sayes it, Perpetuall drunkenness
is the reward of Vertue,

Act. 3. Sce. 2.

To them

Cratander.

Crat. Which the most vitious have : must I still meet
Some thing must greeve me more then your misfortunes ?
The Chayne and Fetter were your Innocence.

Phil. We don't fire Temples Sir : we kill no Father
Nor Mother, 'tis not incest to be merry.

Crat. But to be drunke is all. Doe but consider,
(If that at least you can) how Greece it selfe
Now suffers in you ; thus, say they, the Grecians
Do spend their Nights : Your vices are esteem'd
The Rites and Customes of your Country, while
The beattly Revelling of a Slave or two,
Is made the Nations Infamy. Your wreathes
Blush at your ignominy : what prayse is't
When't shall be said, *Philotas* stood up still
After the hundreth Flagon ; when 'tis knowne
He did not so in warre ? you're now just fit
To teach the Spartan boyes sobriety ;
Are all good Principles wash'd out ? how e're
Be without vices, if not vertuous.
That I should have authority to command

The Royall Slave.

Vices, but not forbid'em ! I would put you
Once more into his charge, but that you would
Make even the Dungeon yet more infamous.

Mol. Gentlemen heare me ; *Cratander* { *Ex. Crat.*
Speakes well, and like a good Common-wealth's-man.

Arch. Out you dissembling Raskall ; are you of *Cratander's* faction.

Mol. Good Gentlemen don't kicke me ; I shall leave all
my drinke behind me, if you doe. { *Ex. Mol.*

Phil. Must we still thus be check'd ? we live not under
A King, but a Pedagogue : hee's insufferable.

Leoc. Troth hee's so proud now he must be kill'd to make
a supper for the immortall Canniballs, that there's no Ho
with him.

Arch. I never thought hee would have beene either so
womanish, as to have beene chaste himselfe, or so uncivill as
to keepe us so : but hee talks of lying with surpriz'd Cities,
and committing Fornication with Victory, & making Mars
Pimpe for him.

Str. These are the fruits of Learning ; wee suffer all this
meerely because he hath a little familiarity with the Devill
in Philosophy, and can conjure with a few Notions out of
Socrates.

Arch. In good troth I take it very scurvily at his hands,
that he will not let me deserve hanging. I'd thought to have
done all the villanies in the world, and left a name behinde
me : but hee's severe for sooth, and cries ont Vertue, Mistris
Vertue.

Phil. Diseases take her ; I ne're knew any good snee did
in Common-wealth yet. I wonder how he dares be so im-
pudent, as to be good in a strange place.

Did not you marke his Rhetorique cast at me ?

I was the Butt he shot at. — What prayse is't,

When't shall be said *Philotas* stood up still

After the hundreth Flagon, when 'tis knowne

He did not so in watre ? — meere, meere upbraidings

And shall *Philotas* this ? this from *Cratander* ?

The Royall Slave.

Act. 3. Sc. 3.

To them

Praxaspes, Masistes.

Prax. Whence this deepe silence? are you sacrificing
To your dumbe Gods of Greece? where are your Cuppes?
Your Loves, your Madnesse?

Leoc. Do not Ravish me;
I will cry out a Rape, if that you come
Within twelve foot of me; wee must be modest,
Modest an't please the Gods.

Mas. Ey! fy! Wee look'd, you should
Have left at least a dozen of great bellies
A peece behinde you upon every Tribe.
Where are your Spirits? had I beene in your case,
Nature e're this had beene inverted. But
You thinke on your last end, as if the world
Were to expire with you.

Str. O! wee must walke
Discreetly, looke as carefully to our steps,
As if we were to dance on ropes, with Egges
Under our feet: wee have left off shackles,
To be worse fetter'd.

Prax. Can a brest of large
And ample thoughts tamely endure the ring?
And be led quietly by th' Patient Nose,
When Licence is Religion? One whose dull
And sluggish temper is call'd wisdom, one
Whose indiscretion kill'd with some formality,
As Quicksilver with fasting spittle, doth passe
For a grave governing Garbe. This heavy lump
Dulls all your active fire.

Mas. You understand not:
For to what end is Liberty indulg'd?
To be oppress'd by a severer Rule?
One newly taken from among your selves,
To make your state worse by his Tyranny?

The Royall Slave.

But you shew what you can endure.

Phil. By Heav'n

We doe enslave our selves; We can b'as free
As is *Cratander*, though not so malitious.

Mas. You are as things of nought with him; for tell me;
When call'd he *Stratocles* to Councell? when
Ask'd he *Leocrates* his advice? *Philotas*,
Archippus, names excluded from his thoughts,
But when he meanes to shew that he hath anger.

Phil. What Star wert thou borne under *Stratocles*?

Str. That which all Governours of Market-townes are;
Some lazy Planet, I beleeeve.

Phil. Thou'wert wont

To exercise upon a throat or two,
To keepe thy hand in ure; now shew thy selfe:
Let's slit this graver weazen.

Prax. Now I see.

You have some man about you, now your blouds
Run as they should doe, high and fall; you slept
Meerely till now. If that *Cratander* should
Quit scores with nature er'e his time be out,
The King must chuse againe; the dead you know
Ne're goes for sacrifice.

Leoc. Must one of us

Peece up his Reigne then?

Prax. Ther's no other way;
The Gods themselves require't.

Leoc. My Hanches quake,

As if that *Molops* were to season them.
And put 'em streight in paste for the great Gods.

Phil. Who'er

Succeeds him, shall allow the rest what e're
Nature or Art can yeeld. Nothing shall be
Unlawfull, but to sleepe and mumble Prayers.

Arch.

Strat. } Agreed, agreed.

Leoc. }

Phil. Then fill me out an Oath.

{ *Cratander* is disco-
ver'd over-hearing
them.

The Royall Slave.

All I presume will bind themselves with this
Good common looser of all cares, but what
Do tend to Liberty, to doe the like.

Ser. The motion's worthy ; crowne the Goblet then.

Phil. Would'twere his blood. By Truth her self th'Ofspring
And childe of Wine, *Cratander* dyes e're halfe
The glasse of his short Tyranny run out.

This the to the infernall Gods. *{ pours some on the ground }* & this
To our just angers, Gods as great as they. *{ he drinkes.*

Good *Omen* ! so ! the thickned streames run black ;

'Twas blood methought I dranke : 'twere Lazynes.

To say, he shall be dead ; hee's dead already.

Drinke and prepare for Pleasures. *{ They all drinke.*

Omnes. Liberty.

{ Exeunt.

Act. 3. Sc. 4.

Cratander, Atossa.

Crat. **H**E must be more than Man that gaynes it backe
Without my will.

Atos. Your Justice must restore it.

Will your severer Majesty triumph,

With soft spoyles of a Lady's Cabinet ?

Crat. As I would not feigne Favour, and be-ly.

A Jewell or a Twist, to gaine the name

Of Creature, or of Servant unto any ;

So by your Beauty, (for if Persians may

Sweare by their Sun, I well may sweare by that) :

Where honour is transmitted in a true

Mysterious Gage of an Immaculate minde,

I will defend it as some sacred Relique,

Or some more secret pledge, drop'd downe from Heav'n,

To guard me from the dangers of the Earth.

Atos. But in that

You make it common, you bereave it of

All that you call Divinity.

Crat. He that vaunts

Of a received Favour, ought to be

The Royall Slave.

Punish'd as Sacrilegious Persons are,
'Cause he doth violate that sacred thing,
Pure, spotlesse Honour. But it may be scene,
And yet not prostitute. I would not smother
My Joyes, and make my happinesse a stealth.

Atos. How your thoughts flatter your deceived Fancy
Into a state, that when you leave to thinke,
Dyes, as your thoughts that kept it up : what is't
That you call joy and happinesse ?

Crat. I must
Confesse, I have no Merits, whose just heat
May extract ought from you, call'd Love : yet when
I doe consider, that Affection
Cannot looke vertuously on any thing
That is resplendent, but a subtle image
Purely reflecting thence, must needs arise,
And pay that Looke againe ; I doe take leave
To say, the carefull Deities provide,
That Love shall ne're be so unhappy, as
To want his Brother.

Atos. Why ? I never spent
A sigh for you ; you never had a kisse,
Nor the reversion of one yet.

Crat. Such Love
Is but Love's Idoll ; and these soft ones, that
Confine it to a kisse, or an embrace,
Doe, as the superstitious did of old,
Contract the Godhead into a Bull, or Goat,
Or some such lustfull Creature. Be it far,
Be't far from me to thinke, where e're I see
Cleare streames of Beauty, that I may presume
To trouble them with quenching of my thirst.
Where a full splendor, where a bright effusion
Of immateriall Beames doe meet to
Make up one Body of perfection ;
I should account my selfe injurious
Unto that Deity, which hath let downe
Himselfe into those Rayes, If that I should

The Royall Slave.

Draw nigh without an awfull adoration.
Which my Religion payes to you : but being
You like not the Devotion, be content
To slight the Sacrifice, but spare the Altar.

Atos. I am so farre from ruining that Breast
In which there lives a sparke of chaster honour,
That I would hazzard this so priz'd a trifle,
Which men call Life, that I might live there still ;
And prove that Love is but an Engine of
The carefull Pow'rs, invented for the safety
And preservation of afflicted goodnesse.
Conceive not hence a passion burning toward you ;
For shee that speakes like woman, is a Queene.

Crat. I can distinguish betwixt Love, and Love,
'Twene Flames and good Intents, nay betweene Flames
And Flames themselves : the grosser now fly up,
And now fall downe againe, still cov'ring new
Matter for food ; consuming, and consum'd.
But the pure clearer Flames, that shoot up alwayes
In one continued Pyramid of lustre,
Know no commerce with Earth, but unmixt still,
And still aspiring upwards, (if that may
Be call'd aspiring, which is Nature) have
This property of Immortality
Still to suffice themselves, neither devouring,
And yet devour'd ; and such I knowledge yours.
On which I looke as on refin'd Ideas,
That know no mixture or corruption,
Being one eternall simplenesse ; that these
Should from the Circle of their chaster Glories
Dart out a beame on me, is farre beyond
All humane merit ; and I may conclude,
They've only their owne Nature for a cause,
And that they're good, they are diffusive too.

Atos. Your tongue hath spoke your thoughts so nobly, that
I beare a pity to your vertues, which
E're night shed happy teares o're th' weary'd world,
Must only be in these two Registers ;

The Royall Slave.

Annalls, and Memory. Could you but contrive,
How you might live without an injury
Unto Religion, you should have this glory,
To have a Queene your Instrument.

Crat. There's nothing
Can wooe my heart unto a thought of life,
But that your presence will be wanting to me,
When I'm shut up in silence : yet I have
A strong Ambition in me to maintaine
An equall faith 'twixt Greece and Persia :
That like a river running 'twixt two fields,
I may give growth and verdure unto both
Praxaspes, and *Masistes*, potent Lords.
Are both 'gainst my designs ; so that I shall not
Obtaine an Army ; for they thinke I have
That vile minde in me to betray this Kingdome,
To which I've sworne fidelity ; when by
Your selfe, by all that's good, my intent is only
To perfect great *Arsamnes* Conquest, and
In that be beneficiall to my Country.
In which if that your Majesty will descend
To act a part, after the Scene is shut,
I'll downe to Elysium with a joyfull minde,
And teach our Grecian Poets your blest name
And vertues, for an everlasting Song.

Atof. Were it against my selfe, I'de not deny it.
Walke in, I'll follow you. In great designs { *Ex. Crat.*
Valour helps much, but vertuous Love doth more.

Act. 3. Sce. 5.

To her

Arсамnes.

Arсам. **W**As't not enough that you perus'd his Actions,
And surrhetted your Eyes upon his follies,
Seeing, and scene againe, but you must cast him
A Chayne, an Emblematicke Chayne ?

Atof. 'Tis not

The Royall Slave.

The veyle that hinders the quicke busie Eye
From reading o're the Face, but Modesty.
He hath a weake defence, that doth entrust
The preservation of a chaster Love
Unto a silken Cloud.

Arfam. I stand not much
Upon the commerce of your Eyes, but 'tis
Your Chayne.— Your Favour—that— Do'y thinke 'tis fit
A Queene should send one linke unto a Slave?

Atos. Doth not the Sun (the Sun, which yet you worship)
Send beames to others than your selfe? yet those
Which dwell on you loose neither light; nor heat,
Commung not thence lesse vigorous, or lesse chaste.
Would you seale up a Fountaine? or confine
The Ayre unto your walke? would you enjoyne
The Flow'r to cast no smell, but as you passe?
Love is as free as Fountaine, Aire, or Flower.
For't stands not in a poynt; 'tis large, and may,
Like streams, give verdure to this Plant, that Tree,
Nay that whole field of Flow'rs, and yet still runne
In a most faithfull course toward the bosome
Of the lov'd Ocean.

Arfam. But when you divert
And breake the Streame into small Rivulers,
You make it runne more weake, then when it kept
United in one Channell.

Atos. If it branch
Into a smaller twining here, and there
The water is not lost, nor doth it quit
The former Name; this is not to destroy,
But to enlarge the streame: did it dry up,
And leave the Fountaine destitute, indeed
You'd reason to be angry.

Arfam. But what should make you
Present him with a guift? you might have smother'd
A good opinion of him in your Breast,
(As some digressing streames flow under ground)
And so have rested; but you shew it now,

The Royall Slave.

And make the world partaker.

Atos. Who would stifle
An honest Fire? that flame's to be suspected
That hides it selfe. When that a man of valour
Graceth his Country with a good attempt,
You give a Sword, an Horse, a Mannoure, nay
Sometimes a whole Province for reward. We have
A sense of Vertue too, as well as you:
And shall wee be deny'd the Liberty
To shew wee have that sense? A Favour is
The Almes of Love; I doe not passe away
My heart in Charity. Vertuous *Cratander*
Shewes forth so full a Transcript of your life,
In all but his misfortunes, that methinkes
You may admire your selfe in him, as in
Your shade. But yet let chaste *Atossa* rather
Not be at all, than not be wholly yours.


Arsam. Thou art still vertuous my *Atossa*, still
Transparent as thy Crysell; but more spotlesse.
Foolles that wee are, to thinke the Eye of Love
Must alwayes looke on us. The Vine that climbs
By conjugall embracements 'bout the Elme,
May with a ring or two perhaps encircle
Some neighbouring bough, and yet this twining prove,
Not the Offence, but Charity of Love. *Exeunt.*

Finis Act. 3.



Act. 4. Sc. 1.

*Atossa, Mandane, Ariene, other Ladies,
and Women of divers sorts.*

Atos.  Hat we have naturally a desire
To preserve Honour is a Principle
Not questionable, but by those that would
Corrupt,

The Royall Slave.

Corrupt, and rob us of it : that you prize
Your Chastity more than wealth, and thinke your Cabinets
Cheape and unworthy, if compar'd t'your mindes,
I'm so assur'd, that I need only tell you
The danger, not intreat you to avoyd it.
The Slaves next night intend a Rape upon
Your Honour, and your wealth ; to tell your Husbands
Were to procure a slaughter on both sides.
If we avert the ryot, and become
Our owne defence, the Honour, as the Action,
Will be entirely ours : which may be done
Only by flying to *Arfarnnes* Castle.
A thing so easy, that'twill only be
To take the Ayre for fame : and when we doe
Returne, our Husbands shall strew prayses in
Our wayes, which we will tread on, and contemne.

Omn. Let's fly, let's fly, let's fly.

Atof. How I doe love

These worthy, noble thoughts ! the Action
Will make our Tombes not need an Epitaph,
When wee shall live still fresh in History.
The sacred Gods of Marriage will present
Themselves unto you night by night for this,
And personally thanke you in your Dreames,
For thus preserving their Rites undefil'd.
But time is short, I must away, to make
Provision for our flight. If any doe
Desire a further satisfaction
In this our grand designe, we leave our Ladies
Mandane here, and *Ariene*, who
Can give a full relation of our businesse.

Omn. Away, away, to the Castle, to the Castle. & *Exeunt.*

Act. 4. Sc. 2.

Cratander, Hippias, Phocion.

Crat. VRge me no more, I am sure my Countrey
Requires no Perjury.

F 2

Pho.

The Royall Slave.

Pho. Ought any word
Be kept with Enemies? no path is foule
That leades to liberty.

Crat. O *Phocion*!

Such men as you have made our Grecian faith
Become a Proverbe t' expresse Treachery.
An Oath's the same in Persia, and in Greece:
And bindes alike in either.

Hip. But consider
Wee're thrall'd and yolk'd; the hard gaines of our sweate
Must be sent in to serve their Luxury.
Tribute, and taxe, and payment, will still keepe us
As in a siege: to take the Aire perhaps
Will be a charge unto us.

Pho. Nor is't *Ephesus*
That only dreads this slavery; *Claros* too,
And *Colophon*, nay *Magnesia*, and others
That joyn'd i'th' warre do feare a share i'th' Tyranny.

Crat. Your forces are so weakned, that you cannot
Regaine a perfect Liberty: your Friends
Begin to fall off too: all that you can
Expect now, is to settle these your evils,
And live protected as a weakned friend
Under the Persian shelter: still preserving
Your Lawes and Liberties inviolate.
A thing perhaps yet rather to be wish'd for,
Then compass'd.

Hip. Yet methinkes you might procure it,
Having such command.

Crat. What may be done in so
Short space, shall all be to your good: goe them
And deale discretely with the Army: tell them
The tempest that is falling on their head,
Unlesse the Persian shield them. When you have
Perswaded them to this, conduct your Forces
Towards *Arsumnes* Castle, where the Queene,
And Ladies now expect me. But be sure
You come not within sight of *Sardis*.

Pho.

The Royall Slave.

Pho. Why?

Shall wee not march beyond the Frontiers then?

Crat. By no meanes, for you'le cut off all retreat.
Now, when you see the numerous Persian come,
You may securely fly without the losse
Of any; this will quell the future rising
Of those, whose frowardnesse is not content
Either with th' Calme or Tempest of Affaires.
We must comply with Fortune, now wee're conquer'd.
Permit the rest unto the Gods and me.

Pho. Hip. Successse attend it. *Ex. Hip. Pho.*

Crat. So; my next care now
Must be t' avoide those Slaves, who, I o're heard,
Have a designe upon my life. But let
Even the plotting Destinies contrive,
And be themselves of Councell, all their malice
Shall only shew an idle fruitlesse Hate,
Whiles Wisdome takes the upper hand of Fate.

Exit Cratander.

Act. 4. Sc. 3.

4th Appearance,
a Wood.

Leocrates, Archippus, after a while Philotas, and Stratocles,
all foure disguis'd in boggars habits; one having a leg, ano-
ther an arme ty'd up: all some counterfeiting trick of such
maunding people. Leocrates and Archippus peep out of the
woods side at severall places.

Leoc. Holla!

Arch. Holla!

Leoc. Archippus?

Arch. Leocrates? Ne're be affraid man, 'tis I, the very same.

Leoc. 'Fore *Mercury* I did not know thee: thy comming
forth out of the wood with that raw arme, and those tot-
ter'd cloaths, makes thee shew like *Aethon*, newly reviv'd
after his worrying.

The Royall Slave.

Arch. Where's *Stratocles*, and *Philotas*?

Leoc. They're looking Bur-leaves perhaps for Excoriation; or else robbing some Gibbet to accommodate themselves with decent weeds.

Phil. Holla!

Str. Holla!

Arch. Hearke: I heare 'em; they are hard by; let's answer 'em. Holla!

Str. O are you there?

Leoc. Save thee Brother *Stratocles*: Joy to thee Valiant *Philotas*; I commend you that you keepe your wordes: I'm glad we are so punctuall

Str. D'ye thinke we have no Religion in us? 'tis a most corrupt time, when such as we cannot keepe touch, and be faithfull one to another.

Leoc. But are you sure *Cratander* will passe by this way?

Arch. My Lord *Praxaspes* sayes he loves this walke.

Str. But wee've done ill to leave our weapons yonder.

Leoc. Pish! he won't passe by this houre, hee's busie yet: Wee'll fetch 'em as soone as wee can agree who shall doe the deed.

Phil. Who shall doe the deed sayst thou? why thou, or he, or he, or I.

Leoc. Do thou then if thou hast a minde to't.

Phil. No faith, thou shalt have the whole honour of it to thy selfe; I will not rob thee of an inch of it: I am not envious, *Leocrates*, not envious.

Leoc. Well; the next Passenger is to decide it then; hee that shall be judg'd the fittest to make a Persian Priest, must do the deed.

Str. What else? dost thou thinke we will be so base, as not to stand to Covenants?

Phil. You have all made your selves very unfit to bee Priests methinkes.

Str. Why so *Philotas*? do you not see wooden legs, and Crutches, wry Neckes, and lame Armes, maym'd limbes, and blind sides?

Phil. Good faith, wee may be all taken for an Hospitall broke loose.

Arch.

The Royall Slave.

Arch. And we have wood enough among us to—
As I hope for Mercy *Cratander*.—by the ball of
Fortune here he comes : Soule of my life what
shall we doe ?

Cratander is
discover'd
walking
toward
them.

Str. Not a sword, nor a knife among us ! all left behind us
in the wood ! that wee should be all manied now, out of a
most unlucky Policy ! We shall never have him alone againe
make toward him and be hang'd, that hee may resolve the
Question howe're.

Act. 2. Sc. 3.

To them

Cratander.

Leoc. **B**lesse thy senses and thy limbes, faire Master : doe a
courtesie to a company of poore distressed Persians;
'tis not mony we aske, nor cloaths; only thy Judgement, thy
Judgement, man of Understanding.

Crat. What's your request ?

Leoc. That out of thy great wisdom, soule of Learning,
Thou'd'st be pleas'd to tell us freely, which of us foure is fit-
test to make a Persian Priest.

Crat. I am not well skill'd in your Persian Rites,
I know not what Man, or how qualify'd
Your Temple may admit of, but I have
Two or three Servants within call here, they
Shall umpire this your variance. Ho ! *Sifarmes*,
Ho ! *Artobazes*, draw nigh quickly ; seize & *Ent. Servants*.
These foure pernicious Raskalls : did you thinke
You could ly hid ? 'tis not your leg good *Stratocles*,
Nor your close arme *Leocrates*, that can
Disguise you from mine eye. I can tell you
Who dranke my death, who were your grand Abettors,
In this designe. You now would know who's fittest
To make a Persian Priest : Malitious fooles,
Is it not all one as to aske me, who
Is fitt't to sacrifice me ? But you see
I live, and will doe, to your Punishment.

As Cratander
themselves
ly, they fall to
their Postures.

Goe,

The Royall Slave.

Goe, away with'em ; take them as they are.
Let'em not alter either Cloaths, or Posture,
But lead'em through the City thus to *Molops* ;
And give him charge to keepe'em so untill
He heare our farther pleasure. *Ex. Crat.*

Serv. Come along, Gentlemen, wee'le try our stumps,
How many miles a day you can halt.

Str. Sirrah, be civill, or else before Jove Ile pull off my
wooden leg, & break your Pate with it, though I die for it.

Ex. Serv. and Slaves.

Act. 2. Sc. 5.

Hydarnes, Orontes. Praxaspes, Masistes.

Hyd. **W**ee're like to have an honest Court of t shortly.
Prax You speak my Lord, as if t were not so now.

Hyd. 'Tis honest now, and shortly will not have
The Pow'r to be otherwise.

Mas. Why *Hydarnes* ?

Hyd. There's not a woman left man ; all are vanish'd,
And fled upon the sudden.

Mas. What ? I hope

They have not chang'd their Sexe all in a minute ?
They are not leap'd into rough chinnes, and Tulipants ?

Hyd. There's scarce a face without a beard appears.

Mas. A signe there are few Eunuches in the Palace.

Hyd. My Lords,

This is not to discover what's become of'em.

They've taken weapons with'em too they say.

Prax. They have no sacrifice to performe, that I

Can tell of, neither if they had, would they

Take armes, that were t'invade the Deity.

The Sword's no Instrument of their Devotion.

To them a Messenger.

Mess. My Lords, you must make haste with all your forces

To th' Queene and Ladyes in *Arfammes* Castle :

They now are likely all to be surpriz'd,

By the remainder of the Greekes.

Prax.

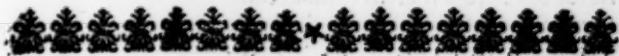
The Royall Slave.

Præ. Cratander.

That damned Villaine hath entic'd 'em thither,
Meerely t'entrap 'em. Let us to the King;
Wee'le on although against revolted Slaves.

We fought with Men before, but now with Vice;
He calls for death that must be conquer'd twice. & *Exeunt.*

Finis Act. 4.



3th Appearance. } *Act. 5. Sc. 1.*
A Castle.

*Atossa, Mandane, Ariene, with divers other women
in warlike habits: discover'd on the Castle walls,
with Cratander fully seated in the midst.*

Crat. **M**ost vertuous Queen, you make me search my self,
To find the worth which you doe so far prize;
As thus to hazard for one man, whose life
Is under value, that which others would not
For a whole Kingdome, Reputation.

Atos. Where goodnes is to suffer, I would willingly
Become the sacrifice my selfe to free it.

Crat. Had great *Arsumes* beene in danger, had
Your whole Line beene in jeopardy of ruine,
You could have done no more; Your pity hath
Thrust you into Heroick Actions, farre
Beyond the eager Valour of try'd Captaines;
Which I can never worthily admire,
When I consider your reward will only
Be, to be rank'd in story with a Slave.

Atos. I do't not to the Man, but to the Vertue.
The deed's reward enough unto it selfe.

Crat. 'Twould be a peece of exemplary Ingratitude,
To bring you into any danger hence:
You're safe as in your Court; your Subjects shall not
Run any doubtfull hazard, in the Chance

The Royall Slave.

Of an uncertaine Battle: their first step
Shall be Victories: and when your Eloquence,
Guarded with beauty, shall procure the freedome
Of our Enthralled City, the Ephesians
Shall know a Goddesse greater then their owne,
And you depose our magnify'd Diana;
Having Shrines in every Breast out-shining hers.
As for my selfe, I shall live still in those
Good benefites my Country shall receive.
This day instating me in Immortality:
While raising thus our City by my fall,
I shall goe downe a welcome shade, and dwell
Among the Ancient Fathers of my Country.
Aros. Leave the Conditions to me: but peace;
Expect we quietly a while, they come.

Act. 5. Sce. 2.

To them below

*Arsamnes, Hydarnes, Orontes, Praxaphes,
Masistes, and others in warlike habits.*

Prax. Can you containe Sir? looke how proudly hee
Sits in the midst, hemm'd in on every side
With Beauties, which his wheeling eye runs o're
All in a Minute.

Mas. Here's a delicacy
That ne're was practis'd by a Captive yet,
Nor heard of since the Custome first began,
That Conquer'd Slaves should personate their King.

Arsam. The Luxury and Ryot of arm'd Love!
O that mine eyes could dart forth peircing Lightning!
That I could shoot some quicke invisible Plague
Into his boyling marrow. Hee is seated
So, that a Dart or Arrow cannot reach him,
Without the danger of a Persian breast,
Worth all his Nation. But why name I worth,
Where I see so much Infamy? O *Arossa*!
Is this your amity to Vertue? this

The

The Royall Slave.

The Pity that you lend afflicted goodnesse?
There's worke enough now for my sword, although
The Enemy approach not. Credulous woman,
Descend, *Arsammes* calls thee; if he be
A Name regarded when *Cratander's* by.

Atof. Most vertuous Sir, you may expect perhaps
Atoffa's breast growne strange, and wrested from
Her wonted faith; but wirtesse, O thou Sun,
Whom with a pious eye I now behold,
That I have neither try'd t' unty, or loosen
That sacred knot: but what I've condescended
To ayde thus farre, is only a faire likenesse
Of something that I love in you.

Arsam. If then
Your Loyalty be still intire to me,
Shew it, and yeeld *Cratander* up to us.

Atof. As his designs are honourable, so
Are our intents, with which there needes must stand
A resolutenesse: it cannot be Vertue,
Unles't be constant too. Th' approach o'th' Enemy
Forbids me to say more: On to your Victory,
Your wonted art to Conquer; they're the Reliques
Of a few scatter'd troopes, the fragments of
The last meale that your swords made; on, and when
You have subdu'd them wholly, we will plant
Fresh Bayes upon your browes, and scale unto you
A peace, as everlasting as our Loves.

Sould. within. Arme, arme, arme, arme. } *Ex. Arsam. Lord, &c.*
Omn. Mithra and Victory. } *as to the Battle.*

Atof. Let us be resolute now, my Ladyes, and
At their returne shew them that they have something
Left yet to Conquer; Breasts, that are not shaken
With their loud noyse of Trumpets. See, they're comming:
This was a Race, no Battle; Let's prepare.

The Royall Slave.

Act. 5. Sc. 3.

To them below

Arsammes, &c. as from the Chase.

Arsam. **W**Hat? fly upon the sight of us? to appeare
Was here to overcome, a looke hath done
The businesse of the sword; your feares may sleepe
Securely now; Open the Castle gates.

Atof. But you must grant us some Conditions first.

Arsam. Must we be Articled with by our women?
What is't, an't please the Gods, that you require?

Atof. *Cratanders* life.

Crat. It is not in your Pow'r

To grant it great *Arsammes*: your Queene speakes
Out of a tender pittie to no purpose.

Atof. Heare me *Arsammes*: whom the raging sword
Hath spar'd, why should the peaceable destroy?
All hate's not ended in the field, I see:
There's something still more cruell after warre.

Arsam. Alas! you know not what you aske; the Gods
Permit not that he live; he falls to them.

Crat. You must not heare her, Sir, against the Gods,
Who now expect their solemne Feast and Banquet.

Atof. If they are Gods, Pittie's a Banquet to 'em.
When e're the Innocent and Vertuous
Doth escape death, then is their Festivall;
Nectar ne're flowes more largely, then when bloud's
Not spilt, that should be sav'd. Do y'thinke the smoake
Of humane Entralls is a steame that can
Delight the Deities? Who e're did burne,
The Building to the honour of the Architect?
Or breake the Tablet in the Painters prayse?
'Tis Mercy is the Sacrifice they like.

Crat. Let not Affection call a Curse upon you,
While you permit it to take place of your
Religion.

Arsam. See, he will not live *Atoffa*;

The Royall Slave.

To doe the unwilling man a courtesie
Is but a specious Tyranny.

Atof. Alas !

He would be neare the Gods, he would leave us.
You must not, shall not kill him, my *Arfammes*.
Speake *Ariene*, call to him *Mandane*.

Arie. You owe him, Sir, the honour of your Court;
Slaves had defil'd our Husbands beds, and we
Brought forth a Race of unlike Children, to
Blemish your Realme, and us; when now by him
Wee're all preserv'd immaculate and spotlesse,
As tender Votaries.

Mand. Consider next,
No heated rage hath snatch'd a sacred Goblet
From any Altar, to profane it with
The streames of bold intemperance; no cries
Of Virgins came unto your Eares; you've liv'd
This while as safe, as if you had beene guarded
By the revengefull Thunder.

Arfam. I may not
Afflict him with a Court'sie; it can't be
A Guilt, that he must be compell'd to take.
Crat. 'Tis the best time to fall, when there are most
Requets made for our preservation.
Though, great *Atoffa*, I could wish that your
Blest Pray'rs were spent in gaining a good peace
For hopefull Ephesus. The Gods that doe
Require my ruine, would accept their safety.

Arfam. He durst not be so bold, unlesse h'were Innocent.

Atof. Will you be so ungratefull then, *Cratander*,
As after all to cast away your selfe?
Forbid him good *Arfammes*, by these Teares.
I aske you:—but I am too womanish.

Oron. Your Majestie is not Rock: you had a Nurse
That was no Tyger; looke but upon her.

Hyd. Can you deny ought, when the Soule is powr'd
Out at the eyes in a Petition?

Arfam. *Cratander*, live; we doe command thee, Live.

The Royall Slave.

Cret. Beare witnesse O yee Gods, that I doe suffer
This as his Servant too. And yee the Soules
Of my deceased Country-men, who fell
In the last Battle, if there yet be sense
In the forgetfull Urne, know that it was
No stratagem of mine to be detain'd
Thus long from your Society. Now to you,

Arfannes : Good Kings equall those in Lawes
Whom they have overcome in war ; and to
The Valiant, that chiefe part of good, to which
We all are borne, sweet Liberty, is pleasing
Ev'n in the Enemy. Your Queene, and others
Her Ladyes here, with the most beautifull
Part of your Royall Court, are in my pow'r.
But farre be't from me t' injure but the meanest ;
Only one life I'm so much Master of,
(Since you have put it in my Pow'r) that I
Must give it backe againe, if it must be
Beyond the Ephesian safety : the Altar comes
More welcome than the Throne, if this shall bring
Freedom to me, and Slav'ry to my City.

Atos. Here I must dwell, *Arfannes*, ty'd by great
And solemne Vowes, (our Gods do now require it)
Till you shall grant that the Ephesians may
Still freely use their antient Customes, changing
Neither their Rites nor Lawes, yet still reserving
This honest Pow'r unto your Royall selfe,
To command only what the free are wont
To undergoe with gladnesse. I presume
You scorne to have them subject as your owne,
And vile as strangers, Tyrants conquer thus.

Arfam. It is a time of Mercy ; you have only
Call'd forth those Favours which were freely comming,
These generous thoughts have added to our Conquest.
It is no Victory, that's got upon
The sluggish, and the abject. Descend then ;
And when wee've joyn'd our hands, as Pledges of
Our hearts combining so, let us returne

The Royall Slave.

To th' Celebration of an equall Triumph,
In an united marriage of our joyes.

Crat. There I confesse a Conquest, where I finde
He that subdu'd my body, gaines my minde.

{ *Ex. Arsam. and Lords, as to the Ladies.*

Act. 5. Sc. 4.

*Molops, Philotas, Stratocles,
Leocrates, Archippus.*

Mol. Nay, remember you kick'd me Gentlemen.

Arch. Faith Landlord *Molops.* I'd have sworne
thou hadst beene of a better Nature, then to remember Pot-
quarrels.

By my troth I should have kick'd my Father in that humour.

Mol. Well, you collogue now : say I should present you
to *Arsamnes* and *Cratander*, what would you doe ?

Leoc. Only welcome their returne with a Dance, that so
we might friske into Liberty.

Mol. Yes, and kicke me againe,

Str. Dost thou thinke we are Rogues and Villaines ?

Mol. Well, with all my heart, but upon this Condition,
that you unty neither Leg, nor Arme; you know *Cratanders*
charge.

Phil. Dost thou thinke wee'd bring thee into any danger?
We have study'd the Figure, and the Measure already.

Mol. You must let the two old women dance with you.

Phil. Who, the two whores that *Cratander* committed ?

Mol. The very same. They are wondrous sutable now:
for you must know, that when such slippery Eeles doe come
under my fingers, the first thing that I doe, is to strip'em, and
to put'em into other cases. You'll make a most perfect
Gobline's Masque among you.

Str. Why ? they will fall in peeces, if they stirre but any
thing violently.

Mol. No matter for falliing in peeces ; I'll pawne my
word to you, they shall not sweat.

Leoc. Any thing, good honest *Molops*, we are content.

Mol.

The Royal Slave.

Mol. You, within there, Polecats; do y^e heare? I have procur'd so much of the Gentlemen, hold your breaths be sure, and remember you doe not drowne the Musicke with your Coughing.

Exeunt.

Act. 5. Sc. 3.

6th Appearance, the
Court againe.

*Arsamnes, Cratander, Atossa, Lords and Ladies as
Victorious; to them after a while Molops.*

Ars. Whiles thus we're joyn'd we are too hard for fortune,
Scarce Heav'n it selfe can hurt us, for it will not.
There's no care now remaining, but t^e invent
New pleasures. Let the houres wheele swiftly away
In sports and Dances. Then we pay the Gods
Best thanks, when we doe shew most sense of joy.

To them *Molops.*

Mol. I have an humble suit to your Majesty in the behalfe
of some distressed people.

Arsam. Let's heare't: what is't?

Mol. There are halfe a dozen of sinners at the doore,
Foure of them are the Captives which your Majesty refus'd:
two of 'em are of another Sexe, but would willingly joyne
with 'em, and present you with a Dance, in congratulation
of your happinesse.

Arsam. Goe, bring 'em in, let Prisoners this day know
The joyes of Palaces. Wee will receive

Ex. *Mol.*

All the delights the world can yeeld us. Heaake.

*The foure Slaves as they were sent to Prison, and the
two whores are presented by Molops. They dance
in their Cripple Postures.*

Atos. I hope your Majesty wiill not deny
To grace a Company of younger Ladies,
With the like favourable eye.

Arsam. They doe
Honour our joyes in condescending to
Be Actors in this Celebration.

The

The Royall Slave.

The Ladies in a solemne march, present themselves all in war-like habits, and dance: the whole Dance expressing these verses of Claudian.

Mutatoꝝ edunt pariter tunc pectora motus,
In latus allisis clypeis, aut rursus in altum
Vibratis, gravè parma sonat, mucronis acutum
Murmur, & umbonum pulsu modulante resultans
Ferrens alterno concentus clauditur ictu.

Arsam. I see that *Sardis* hath it's *Amazons*:
An Army of these would subdue the world.

Act. 5. Sc. 6.

To them.

A. Priest.

1. Priest. **T**He fire is fully kindled, and the people
All in their festivall attire; there wants
Only the Sacrifice, and your selfe to kill it.

Arsam. The voyce of Ravens in the dead of night
Conveys not harsher notes into mine eares.
I've pardon'd him.

1. Priest. You cannot, unlesse you
Will be more impious in preserving him,
Than you were valorous in conquering.

Arsam. Will not the Gods receive an Hecatombe
Of Oxen in exchange? may we not finde
The Destiny's in Beasts entralls? we will choake
The fire with weighty lumps of richer gummies,
And send perfum'd clouds up into their seats
In one continued thankfulnessse, if that
They'll spare this humane Sacrifice.

1. Priest. To promise
The fairest Captive, and redeeme him with
A Beast, or Teare of some relenting Tree,
Is not to worship, but delude.

Arsam. Cratander.
The Gods recall my courtesie; I stand

H

Doubly

The Royall Slave.

Doubly ingag'd, to Heav'n, and to thee ;
But thou canst easier pardon ; for I know
Thy Vertue's such, that thou hadst rather suffer
Thy selfe, than Heav'n should be violated.
Being than this sword must cut thy pretious thread,
If Statues may preserve thee, and thou think'st it
A life to flourish in faire memory,
I'll people all my Kingdome with thy Images,
To which they shall pay vowes, as to those Gods
Who now require thy company.

Atos. Yee Powers,

Why are you growne thus cruell unto Vertue ?

'T will be a wish hereafter to be foule.

I cannot see him die, and live my selfe.

Pray you defer his death a while, don't post him

Away ; perhaps the Gods may spare him yet.

Crat. I know that divers mindes are here contain'd

Under one silence, all expecting how

I'll beare this sudden accident. T' accuse

Or Gods, or Men, 's the part of him that would

Live longer. If I looke on the desires

Of some here, whensoever I shall fall,

I shall be thought t' have liv'd too little : if

On the Actions I have done, I've liv'd enough :

If on the injuries of Fortune, too much :

If on mine honour, and my fame, I shall

Live still ; he gaines by death that doth die prays'd

Others have longer kept an Empire, but

None better left it. To speake more, were but

A sluggard's Policy, to defer his sufferings,

On to the Altar.

Arfam. Art thou willing too ?

Curs'd be my Victory ! and thou my Sword

Be never henceforth happy, if there be

Another Sacrifice to fall like this.

Witness yee Gods, how I unwilling pay

My vowes in kinde. Most vertuous *Cratander*,

(Worthy of Heav'n, but yet to tarry longer)

And

The Royall Slave.

And make Earth happy by thy presence,) looke;
These teares I pay thee as a sad farewell.

I feele the blow my selfe that I must give thee.

Crat. These teares doe neither besit you to pay,
Nor me to take; be then *Arсамnes*, on.

Arсам. I feele a numnesse seize me; I am stone;
I shall not lift mine arme against thee. Sure
The Gods desire it not. { *Exeunt.*

Act. 5. See. 7.

7th. Appearance,
the Temple again
discover'd, an
Altar, and one
busie placing fire
thereon.

*Enter Molops bearing the Sagar, then the
4 Slaves, 2 by 2; next the 4 Lords, then 4
Priests: after them Cratander alone, then
the King and Queene, next Maudane and
Ariene, last the Masquers: they all so-
lemnely goe round the Stage, and having
placed themselves, Cratander standing by
the Altar, a Priest sings the first song.*

Song.

1. Priest. *Thou ô bright Sun who seest all,
Looke downe upon our Captives fall.
Never was purer Sacrifice:
'Tis not a Man, but Vertue dyes.*

Cho. *While thus we pay our thanks, propitious be,
And grant us either Peace or Victory.*

After the Song, *Molops* delivers the *Sagar* to *Arсамnes*, and
Cratander kneeles down at the Altar; then another Priest
sings the second Song.

2. Priest. *But thou ô Sun mayst set, and then
In brightnesse rise next morn again.
He, when he shall once leave this light,
Will make and have eternall night.*

Cho. *Good deeds may passe for Sacrifice, ô than
Accept the Vertues, and give backe the Man.*

The Royall Slave.

8th. *Appearance*, the Sun eclipsed and a shower of raine dashing out the fire. } *Whiles the last Chorus is singing, the Sunne appears eclipsed, &c. After the Song Arsamnes prepares to give the stroke, but is interrupted by the Priest.*

2. *Priest*, Hold, hold *Arsamnes*;
Heav'n is not pleas'd with your Sacrifice.
The glorious Sun hath veyl'd his face in clouds
Not willing to behold it, and the Skyes
Have shed such numerous teares, as have put out
The fire though fully kindled.

Aros, Thou hast now
The voyce and visage of the Gods, good Priest.
The Heav'ns were never more serene. The Gods
Have justify'd my care, *Cratander*.

Arsam, Happy newes,
Death sends thee backe unto us; this comes not
From any humane pow'r; 'tis not my hand
That spares thee; blest *Cratander*, 'tis some God,
Some God reserves thee unto greater workes
For us, and for thy Country.

Crat, Being then
You so interpret it, I'll thus divide
That life they lend me, one halfe shall be yours,
The other *Ephesus's*, that mine Actions
Wearing both Gratitude and Piety,
Like to some well wrought Picture, may at once
Behold both you, and that. 'T shall ne're be said,
The Gods reserv'd *Cratander* to a crime,
To make him fall more foule.

Arsam, Thy faith hath beene
So firme and try'd, thy moderation
So stay'd, that in a just reward I must
My selfe conduct thee into Greece, and there
Continue thee a King; that what was meant
For sport and mirth, may prove a serious honour;
And thy Three Dayes passe o're into a long
And happy government; to be rul'd by thee

The Royall Slave.

Will be as freedome to them; 'twill not be
Accounted slavery to admit a Prince
Chosen from out themselves: thy Vertues there
May shine, as in their proper Spheare. Let others
When they make warre, have this ignoble end
To gaine 'em Slaves, *Arsamues* gaines a Friend.

FINIS.





THE EPILOGVE TO THE KING & QUEENE.

Crat. **T**Hose glorious Triumphs of the Persian Court
Are honour'd much in being made your sport.
The Slave though freed by th' King, and his Priest too,
Thinks not his Pardon good, till seal'd by you:
And hopes, although his faults have many beene,
To finde here too the favour of a Queene.
For 'tis our forward duty that hath showne
These loyall faults in honour to your Throne.
Great joy doth bring some madnesse with it still;
Wee challenge that as title to doe ill.

Can you expect then perfect motion, where
'Tis the Digression only of our Spheare
Which wheelles in this new course, & expresse the sense
Of your approach, it's best Intelligence?
O were you still fix'd to it! your resort,
Makes us desire an everlasting Court.
And though wee've read you o're so long, that we
Begin to know each line of Majesty,
We thinke you snatch'd too soone, and grieve as they
Who for an halfe yeare's night, part with their day.
And shall, till your returne, though you appeare
In favours still, thinke darkenesse in our Spheare.
Your sight will be preserv'd yet, though you rise:
When e're you goe, Great Sir, hearts will have eyes.

THE

THE EPILOGVE
TO THE
UNIVERSITY.

Arfam. **T**Hus cited to a second night, wee've here
Ventur'd our Errours to your weighing Eare.
Wee'd thought they'd have beene dead, as soone as borne;
For Dreames doe seldome live untill the morne.

There's difference 'twixt a Colledge and a Court;
The one expecteth Science, th' other sport.
Parts should be Dialogues there, but Poynts to you:
They looke for pleasing, you for sound, and true.
We feare then we have injur'd those, whose Age
Doth make the Schooles the measure of the Stage:
And justly thence for want of Logicke darts,
May dread those sturdy Yeomen of the Arts.

We are not trayn'd yet to the Trade, none's fit
To fine for Poet, or for Player yet.
We hope you'le like it then, although rough fil'd;
As the Nurse loves the lisping of the child.

The Slave (then truly Royall, if you shall
By your smiles too redeeme him from his fall)
Hopes you'le dismisse him so, that he may sweare,
One Court being gone, he found another here.

Though rays'd from Slave to King, he vowes he will
Resume his former Bonds, and be yours still.

The



The Epilogue to their Majesties at Hampton-Court.

THe unskill'd Author, though he be assur'd,
That a bad Poet is a thing secur'd,
Feares yet he may miscarry, for some doe
Having just nothing, loose that nothing too.
His comfort's yet, that though the Incense fly
Foule and unwelcome, and so scatter'd die,
Neither the blot nor sinne can on him stand,
Being the Censer's in another hand.
For though the Peece be now mark'd his, and knowne,
Yet the Repeaters make that Peece their owne.
Being then a new Reciter some way is
Another Author, wee are thus made his.
Wee therefore hope nothing shall here be seeme
To make the Slave appeale from King or Queene:
From your selves here, & your selves at Oxford; grace
And favour altring with the time and place,
So that some thence may deeme it happy fell
There only, where you meant to take all well.
'Tis then your Countenance that is the price
Must redeeme this, and free the Captive twice.
He feares ill fate the lesse, in that if you
Now kill him, you kill your owne favour too.
How e're he will not 'gainst injustice cry;
For you who made him live, may make him dy.

FINIS.

